

Quite mind Clear Thinking

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Usha Satyavrat
Bangkok.

My very own souls! jai shree krishna!

The U.N.E.S.C.O. Declaration begins with the ringing statement that "Wars begin in the minds of men" and it is in the minds of men that the defences of peace must be built and that the foremost pre-requisite for the preservation of peace is, therefore, the need to build bridges to remove the existing ignorance of each other's ways of lives"

Gita is the solid bridge which shows us the way how man can have peace with himself and through that, can be at peace with the whole world.

In the first part of verse 19th chapter, Twelfth, of Gita, ^{there appears,} to be still; one of the most difficult lessons for my young friends to learn is that when you "try to" make an impression, that is the impression you make. Those whose centre of emotional gravity is deeply embedded are willing to wait quietly in line until they are discovered. Can one grasp that zero contains all the numbers? So in 'nothing' all the world exists. For this the brain must be silent so that the mind can operate" Insight can only arise when there is no memory and so no-line, to be still, is like just jumping out from time to time less.

A different shade of 'still' 'Silent' could be understood through a small anecdote. In medieval times there were two pious persons staying far away from each other, nevertheless their glory had spread far and wide and people knew about their spiritual powers. Many years passed, though contemporaries they did not meet each other. Once, when both were travelling they crossed each other in a small town. people arranged

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In the first part of Verse 19th chapter, Twelfth, of Gita, ^{there appears,} 'अहम्' to be 'अहम्': one of the most difficult lessons for my young friends to learn is that when you "try to" make an impression, that is - the impression you make: Those whose centre of emotional gravity is deeply embedded are willing to wait quietly in line until they are discovered. Can one grasp that zero contains all the numbers? So in 'nothing', all the world exists. For this the brain must be silent so that the mind can operate" Insight can only arise when there is no memory and so no-line; to be 'अहम्' is like just jumping out from time to time less.

A different shade of 'अहम्' 'Silent' could be understood through a small anecdote. In medieval times there were two pious persons staying far away from each other, never the less their glory had spread far and wide and people knew about their spiritual powers. Many years passed, though contemporaries they did not meet each other. Once, when both were travelling they crossed each other in a small town. people arranged

Dated 2.7.89

There is no doership.

The things start happening - Cosmic Law.

बच्चे निश्चान - Children do not belong to their parents,
do one thing is that they
The parents at the most ^{can} _^ love them

राजदी पारवेया वै Shower of विद्यामन्त्रे) magic shower, magic
favour, favour

Symphony of modern राजदी waiting for २००१

A boy came running to his father, placing hiding something in his hands and placing the hands at his back. and asked very enthusiastically, "Papa Do we have T.V. Yes my son, is it black & white or Coloured? Of course Coloured my son. Do we have video, yes my love, the latest model. Do we have video games? Yes my boy I gave you as a gift for your 10th birthday. Do we go ~~for outings~~ to picnics every Sunday. Yes Honey ^{you know} your mummy ~~the~~ pampers you so much." That explains everything saying so he handed over the report book, ~~the~~ you the report read your son failed in the The truth which he knows is the same as I know. This was just ~~only~~ two water drops becoming one. I would like to place before you

A miracle done by the verse.

੩੩੨ ਗੁਰੂ ਨਾਨਕ ਦੇਵ ਮਿਸ਼ਨ ਸਾਹਿਬ ।
ਬਿਚਾਰਾ ਗੁਰੂ ਦੇਵ ਮਿਸ਼ਨ ਸਾਹਿਬ ॥

He was my husband's friend, a writer, about thirty year old. He was apparently healthy; he had won recognition for his work; he earned more money than he knew what to do with; he was married and loved his wife and two children dearly. One day, to his utter astonishment, he realized that he did not give a hoot about what was going to happen to his family, his career, or his life. He was lured to distraction. Nothing under the sun interested him; he anticipated everything his friends said and did. He could not stand the same horrible routine day after day, week after week; the same woman, the same food, the same friends, the same murder stories in the papers day in and day out. They almost drove him mad. Perhaps he had ceased to love his wife? He had thought of that, and was desperate enough to experiment. He did but with no success. He found no difference in his love. He was honestly and truly lured with life. He stopped writing, stopped seeing his friends, and finally decided that he had

examination. So ~~my young friends~~ ^{unless} if your mind is quite
there is no clear thinking and if there is no clear-
thinking nothing can be achieved. ^{or} Even watching, maybe
T.V. needs some degree of quietness of your ^{mind} otherwise you
are sitting before the T.V. your eyes ^{are} watching but still you
miss the sequence - cause your ^{worried} ~~worried~~ mind.

faster, faster

... answer, magic

Symphony of modern ~~status~~ waiting for ~~2011~~

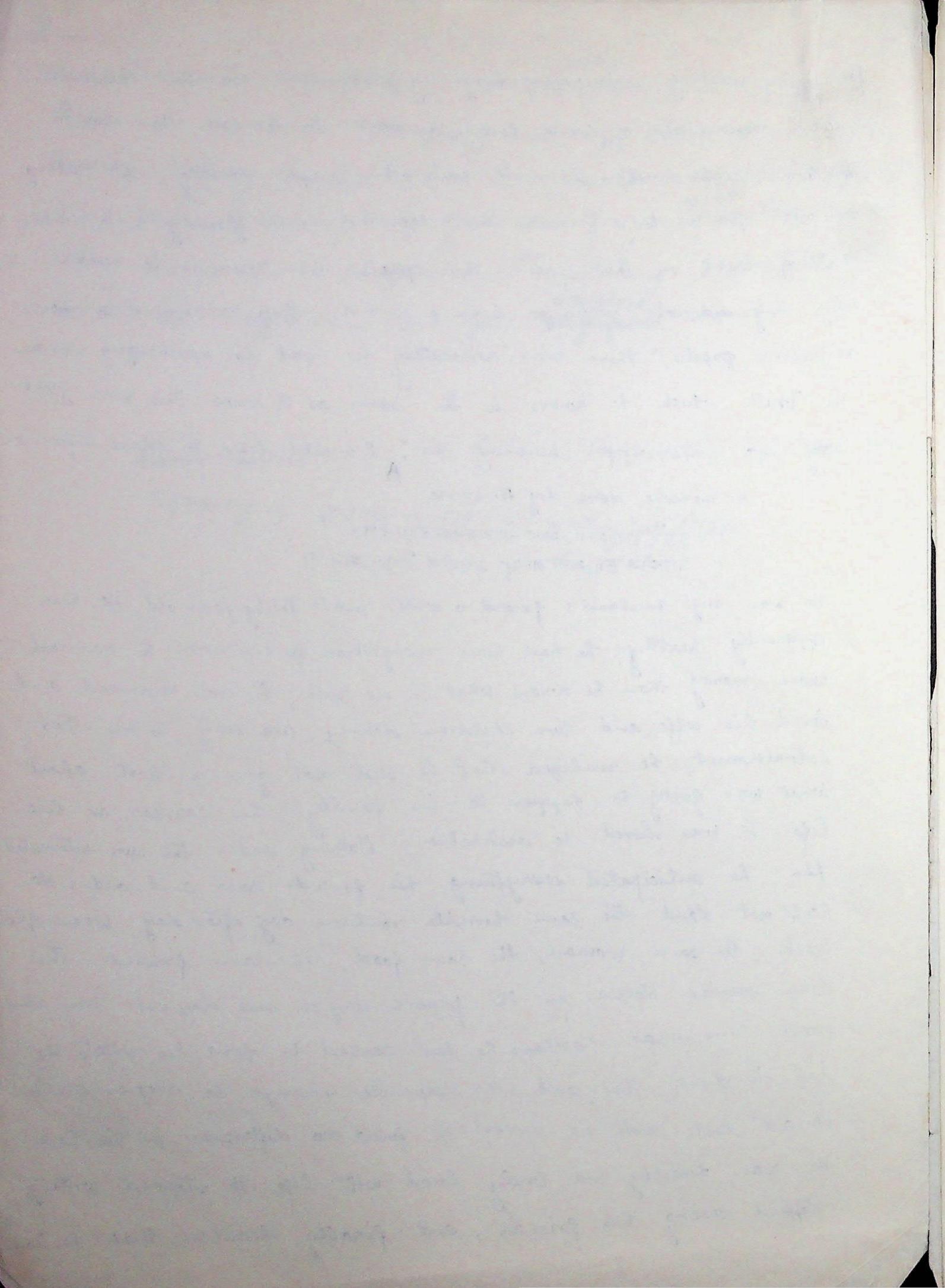
for their meeting, anticipating very long discussions, marathon question answer sessions and of course heated discourses to let each other down.

The two saints met, embraced each other, wept silently, sat facing each other for ten to 15 minutes and departed, both glowing with double dazzling light on their faces. Their pupils were curious to know why they did not exchange even a word. Both answered to their respective pupils "There was absolutely no need for exchanging words. The truth which he knows is the same as I know. This was just ~~only~~ two water drops becoming one: I would like to place before you

A miracle done by the verse.

उक्ते दोषभेदाभावानां नात्मानमवसाधयेत् ।
आत्मेव स्यात्मेनो वन्द्यु आत्मेव रिपुतात्मनः ॥

He was my husband's friend, a writer, about thirty years old. He was apparently healthy; he had won recognition for his work; he earned more money than he knew what to do with; he was married and loved his wife and two children dearly. One day, to his utter astonishment, he realized that he did not give a hoot about what was going to happen to his family, his career, or his life. He was lured to distraction. Nothing under the sun interested him; he anticipated everything his friends said and did. He could not stand the same horrible routine day after day, week after week; the same woman, the same food, the same friends, the same murder stories in the papers day in and day out. They almost drove him mad. Perhaps he had ceased to love his wife? He had thought of that, and was desperate enough to experiment. He did, but with no success. He found no difference in his love. He was honestly and truly lured with life. He stopped writing, stopped seeing his friends, and finally decided that he had



be better off dead. The thought did not come in a moment of despair. He reasoned it out coolly, without missing a heart beat. The earth had gone on for billions of years before his birth, he mused, and would go on after his demise. What difference could it make if he left a little before his appointed time?

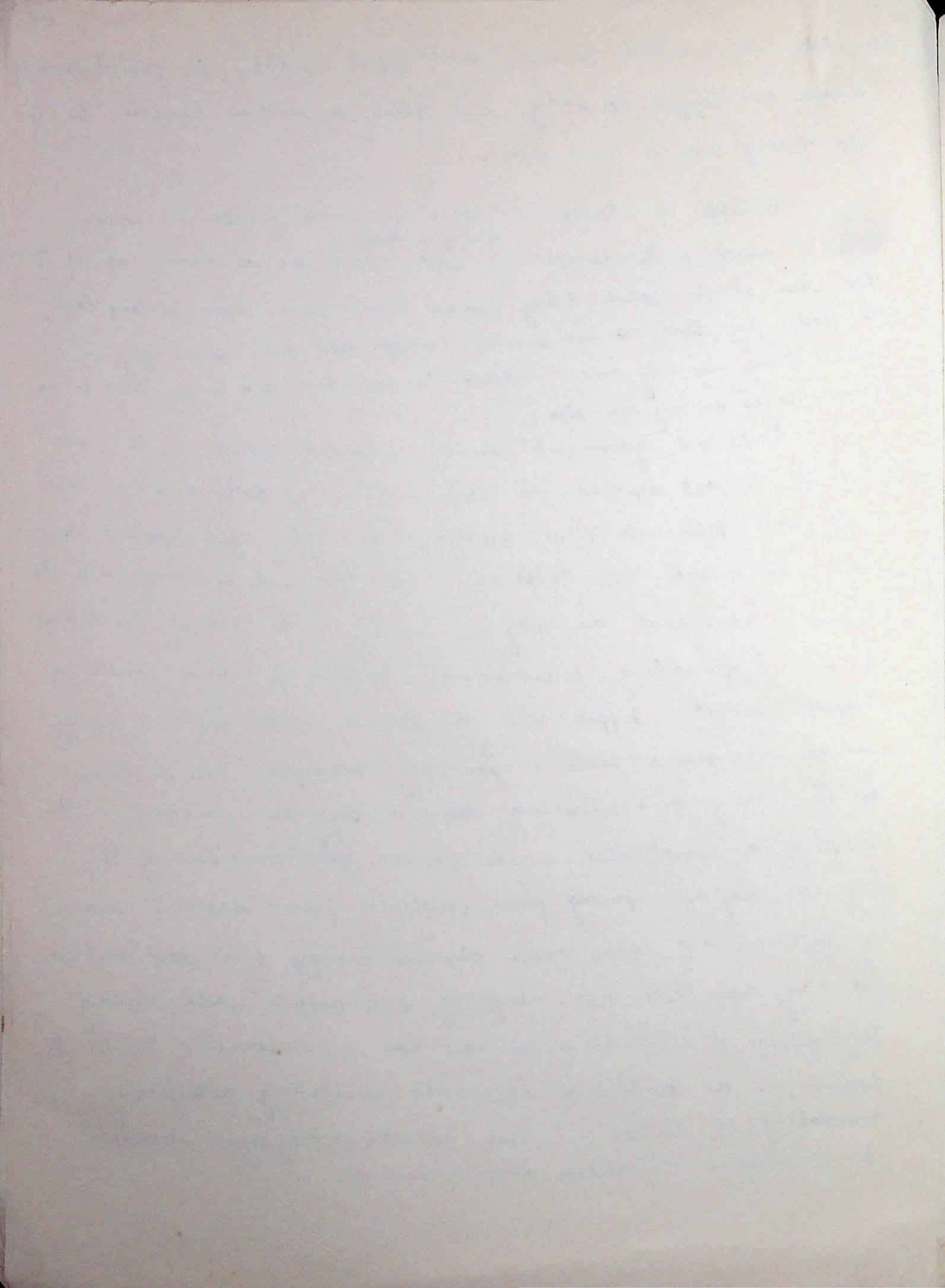
So he sent his family away to a friend's home and sat down to write his last letter, explaining ~~the~~ his course of action to his wife. It was not an easy letter to write. It did not sound convincing and he sweated over it as he had never done over his writings. Suddenly he felt a sharp abdominal cramp. There was a stabbing pain, persistent, excruciating. He found himself in an awkward situation. He wanted to kill himself, but it was idiotic to die with an ache in the stomach. Besides, he had to finish his letter.

He decided that the sensible thing would be to take a medicine and ease the pain. He did so. When he went back to his writing place to finish his last letter, he found the page had flown and there was still my husband had presented him on one of his birthdays and which he had kept as a hard support to write. As the chance would have he opened the book and there it was: 3322104102111. After reading this verse he found it harder to write than ever. The reasons he had marshaled previously sounded fantastic to him - even stupid. He became aware of the brilliant sunshine which played over his desk, of the alternate light and shadow on the houses across the street. The trees had never seemed so green and refreshing; life had never seemed so

desirable. He wanted to see, smell, feel, walk, he found himself minus a clogged-up body and plus a million reasons to live. He really was a new man.

A war in Europe or China a strike in San Francisco, Hitler's attack on the democracies, ^{fire in Beijing} will effect me as surely as if I had been at the scene. Every human event comes home, at long last, to roost. We find to our sorrow perhaps, that even seemingly unrelated things are very much related to each other - and to us. There is no escape - for ^{me} or any one else.

Banks and governments are as subject to change as the rest of us. In the 1929 depression countless millions of dollars were lost in the west. After the First world war govt after govt toppled, one's money, investments were swept away overnight and securely with them I as an individual am only as secure as the rest of the world is under prevailing circumstances. So there is not a streak of happiness around. Suppose when a friend invites ^{me} to a party and after a moment's hesitation ^I ~~you~~ reply "All right I will be there" ^{as} ~~you~~ ^{am} making an unassuming statement. But that statement is the result of a complicated mental process. ^{My} acceptance of the invitation may have sprung from loneliness, from a desire to avoid a dull evening, from excess physical energy, from desperation. ^I may have felt that mingling with people would bring forgetfulness of a problem, or new hope, or inspiration. The truth, however, is the product of elaborate reviewing, reshaping, reevaluating of fancied or real, mental or physical, economic or sociological conditions ~~are~~ around us.



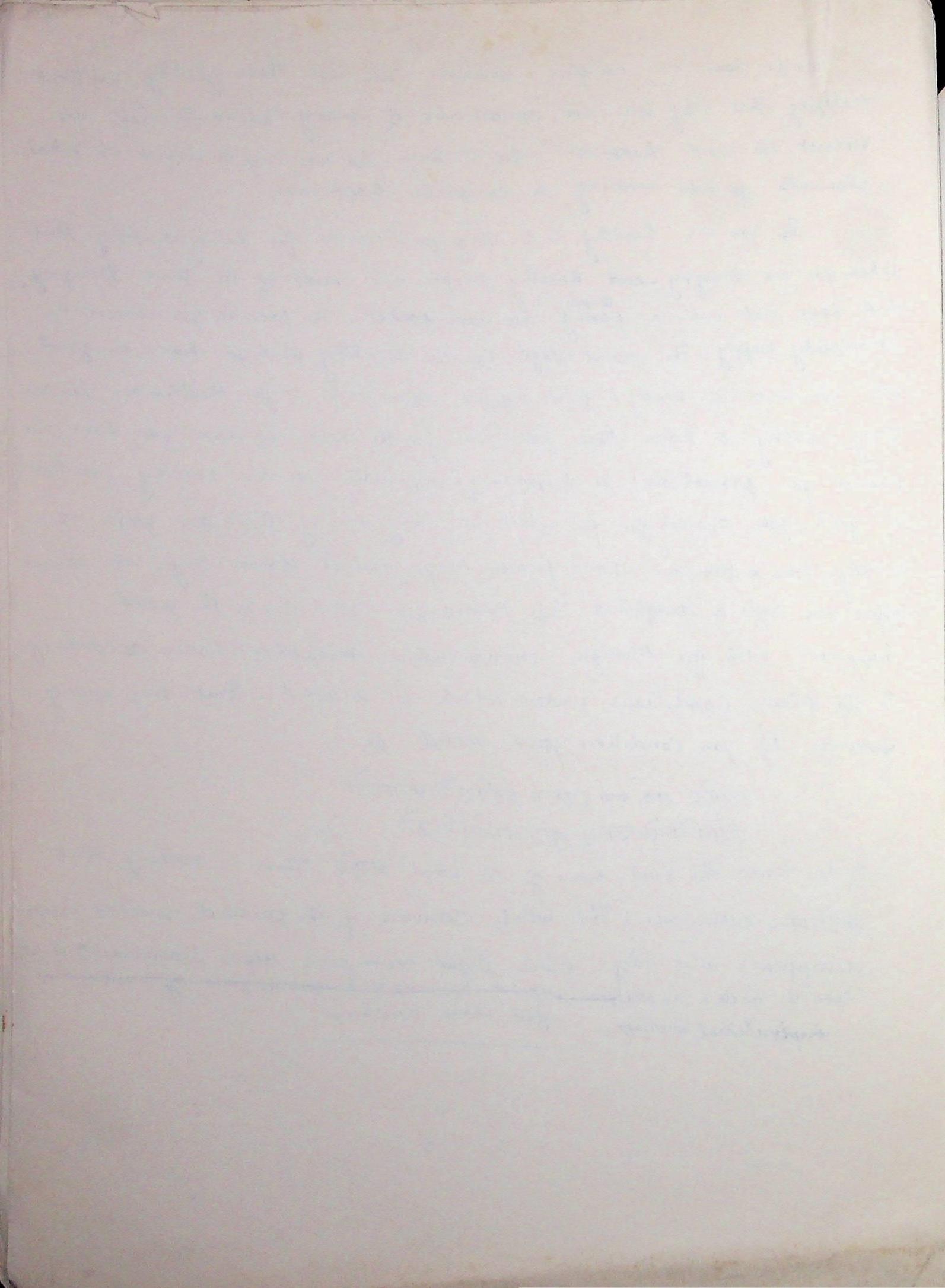
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words have a complex structure. We use them glibly, without realizing that they too are compounds of many elements. Let us vivisect the word 'happiness' for instance. Let us try to discover what elements go into making a complete happiness.

If you are healthy, O.K. Very good reason for being happy. But when you are hungry, and healthy people are most of the time hungry, and have not even a ^{Rupee} ~~penny~~ in your pocket. The fact is you cannot be completely happy. The second stage: you are healthy and you have a good job. you must be happy! But suppose your boss says. Gentleman you are very lucky to have this job but for the next 15 years you have no chance for promotion! The happiness evaporates. You are healthy, you have a good job, chances for promotion are very many but your wife is sickly, like a precious china piece, nags, and the doctor says she cannot offer you sons & daughters. This makes you pensive. So the word happiness will go through innumerable metaphor phases, according to the place, conditions under which it is used. But my young friends if you condition your mind to

प्रसादे एवं शुद्धिकानि द्वानि रस्य एवं विषानि
प्रसन्नतेऽप्यस्माद्युक्ते परिवर्त्तते,

If you know the real sense of the word 'प्रसाद', There is nothing but ~~प्रसाद~~ experience. The whole canvas of the painted worldliness disappears and only pure light remains. Before I conclude I would like to recite a small poem, ~~which was approved of Bengal, so graciously presented to me.~~ fai shree krishna.



Think

If you think you are beaten, you are
If you think you dare not, you don't,
If you like win, but you think you can't,
It is almost certain you won't.

If you think you will lose, you are lost.
For out of the world we find,
Success begins with a fellow's will
It is all in the state of mind.

If you think you are outclassed, you are,
You have got to think high to rise,
You have got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man,
But sooner or later the man who wins
Is the man WHO THINKS HE CAN.

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